THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1817.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

THIS distinguished character (whose numerous works have, for a series of years, been regularly translated into the English language, are in constant request, and have identified their author with the English name, and, as it were, naturalized her) is descended from a family of the name of Ducrest, and is sister to the Marquis Ducrest, a chancellor of the late Duke of Orleans. She married before she was fifteen, Brulart, Count de Genlis, and Marquis de Sillery, and both were attached to the household of the late prince. She was the governess and instructress of the sons as well as daughters of the late Duke of Orleans, a place no lady of her rank ever before occupied. The present Dukes of Orleans and Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolois, bear honourable testimony to the judgement and ability with which they have been educated. Madam de Genlis is now in her seventieth year.

From the commencement of her career, her agreeable person, accomplished manners, and elevated rank, gave her a ready passport to that mixed society, and those complicated scenes of life which afforded her opportunities for being not only a spectator, but an adviser of, and some-

times an actor in them; she soon, therefore, acquired a knowledge of the world; and, with a keen and penetrating glance, detected and exposed its glaring defects, its vain presumptions, and treacherous designs; these, beneath her dexterous hand, assumed the plastic forms and shapes of her inventive genius, sometimes in real, sometimes in fictitious representations, but were always described with the truth and fidelity of nature.

With regard to the part she was induced to take in the revolution from her connexion with and ascendency over several distinguished personages, we know not whether most to regret, or rejoice at it; it is true, that it has been the means of injuring her reputation, disturbing her peace, and blighting her literary laurels; but, without mixing in active life, she would never have had a thorough insight of the human heart; and though her experience may have cost her many a pang, and the contemplation of depravity been attended with frightful and painful feelings, yet her writings are in consequence more instructive, and to these circumstances owe their greatest value. "Her novels contain, besides pictures which have the air of striking likenesses, that profound knowledge of the iniquity of the world which no person can describe so faithfully who has not long had its models before his eyes, and preserved its cruel remembrances in his heart." She writes with force and precision; excells in works of imagination; and has long had no other rival than Madam de Staël to her claim of being the first French female author of the present day. So great is her repute, that her works are translated into every European language.

Ten years ago, the number of volumes published by Madam de Genlis, in France and Germany, amounted to thirty-six. Men of letters, acquainted with the purity of the French language, find a great difference in the sentiments and style of her literary productions; those written at Paris, as *Adele et Theodore* (Adela and Theodore), *Les Veillées du Chateau* (The Tales of the Castle), *Théatre d'Education* (a collection of instructive Dramas), *La Duchesse de la Vallière*

(The Duchess de la Vallière), and others, are universally approved for their elegance of composition, and their moral tendency; while *Les Chevaliers du Cygne* (The Knights of the Swan), *Les Vœux Téméraires* (Rash Vows), *Le Petit La Bruyère* (The Little La Bruyère), *Les Mères Rivales* (The Rival Mothers), &c. composed in Germany during her emigration, are often incorrect, and contain sentiments mostly trivial, often dangerous and immoral. The reason of this dissimilarity is said to originate from the assistance she had when in the Palais Royal, where Marmontel, La Harpe, and other eminent French *savans*, corrected or revised her works, and the want of literary coadjutors while writing in Holstein, or in Prussia. To this latter country, she was invited by his present Prussian majesty, shortly after his ascension to the throne; and she continued at Berlin until 1800; when Buonaparte permitted her to return to France. The first thing Buonaparte said to her, at her presentation at the Thuilleries, was, "Madam, I do not like political women; but a religious woman is always estimable in my eyes." She is reported to have in consequence exchanged her free opinions for catholic devotion; and, on this supposition, is severely treated by Chenier, in his satire, "The New Saints."

She lived at an unfortunate period, when the despotism of the ancient government had rendered the condition of the people no longer supportable, and nearly all classes wished for a change; of an ardent mind, she was zealous in her endeavours to promote a revolution; and when it was first effected, like many other intelligent persons, expected to see a well-regulated republic raised on its ruins, one similar to the American, in which, if every thing is not reduced to a perfect state of equality, the liberty of the subject is respected, and the rights of one part of the community protected from, or not sacrificed to, the rapacity of the other; in which, in fine, the people are not reduced to two classes, the one rich, and the other poor; but in which every one rises in proportion to his industry; and in which none can be really called poor.

It does not admit of a doubt, that Madam de Genlis had the entire controul of the late Duke of Orleans, both in public and private life; that she planned and directed all his public measures, and supported them by her own personal exertions and political writings; the principal of which was the famous "*Cahiers à ses Commettans*," in the name of the Duke himself. In addition to these, she candidly admits, that she wrote his letter to the National Assembly, in which he declined the regency. Indeed, so principal a part is she supposed to have acted, that to her is ascribed all that was done by the party called the Orleans faction*. On this account, she has been censured as one of the causers of the confusion, massacre, and crimes, witnessed in that unhappy country. She acknowledges that she was known to many of the leading revolutionary characters, and among them to the execrable Barrère, the passive Petion, Brissot, M. de Beauharnois, Mattheu de Montmorency, M. de Girardin, Philip Egalité, her patron; but denies all participation in their guilty measures, of which she had no previous intimation; and indeed her letter, sent, through Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, to M. Petion, on the subject of the trials of the king and queen; and her disapprobation of all that was subsequently done, contained in a vindication of her character, published at Hamburgh, called Short Account of the conduct of Madam de Genlis since the Revolution, fully exculpates her from blame. Had she been disposed to effect ill, there can be no doubt that her abilities, address, and rank in life, connected as she was with her friend, the Duke of Orleans, her husband, the Marquis of Sillery, her pupil, the Duke de Chartres, her son-in-law, General Valence, and four other relatives, all possessed of high military rank, must have given her great influence. Indeed, the most complete refutation of the charges against her is, that her husband, her friends, and several of her relatives, were the

* Madam de Genlis was attacked by a variety of publications; Le Faction d' Orleans demasqué, La Conspiration d' Orleans, by Montjoye, and Le Voyageur Suisse.

victims of that revolution, and that she herself, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans were proscribed.

In October, 1791, Madam de Genlis, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and two other of her pupils, departed for England; they first visited Bath for the waters, and then fixed their residence in Bury, in Suffolk, on account of the salubrity of the air. In the summer of 1792, they travelled through the different counties of England; but, on their return to Bury, in the September following, at the time of the massacre of the French prisoners in France, Madam de Genlis was so much persecuted by the French emigrants in this country, that she was obliged to place herself under the protection of Mr. Sheridan till she returned to France, where the convention had passed decrees that compelled her and her pupil to leave Paris in less than forty-eight hours after; and they went to Tournay.

According to her own account, her time was wholly devoted to her pupils, from her hour of rising till half-past eight in the evening; she then spent an hour and a half among her friends, and was often employed in her literary labours till two or three o'clock in the morning.

If we may judge from her last performance, *Les Battuécas*, of which a Translation, in small portions, is continued in this work monthly, her political sentiments have undergone some change, or, if not, we must infer, that she attributes all the disasters which befell her ill-fated country at the revolution to the want and neglect of religion.

Among the many works published by Madam de Genlis, besides those already named, may be distinguished Madame de Clermont; The Moral Herbal; The Traveller's Manual; The Little Emigrants; A New Method of Instruction; and Prayers for Children. In 1803, she published, The Recollections of Felicia, that is to say, her own recollections; in 1804, The Duchess de la Valiere; a novel, before named, in which, in order to interest the reader, she had only to follow history; so that all the parts in which she has deviated from it are the least pleasing; whole pages are copied from

The Memoirs of Maintenon; she has done nothing but extend some chapters of that work. In 1806, she brought out Alphonsine, or Maternal Love; this novel, which has been warmly extolled by some journalists, has met with less success than the others. Madam de Genlis, though long connected with the philosophical and revolutionary party, has always appeared attached to religious ideas, and has composed several works in that spirit, especially, Religion considered as the only Basis of Happiness and of true Philosophy, published in 1787; The Annals of Virtue; and Christian Hours; to which we may add, The Battuécas, above cited; and some articles which were inserted in The Mercury of 1804 and 1805.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

Margaret Lambrun, a native of Scotland, had, together with her husband, a foreigner, been several years in the service of Mary Stuart. On the tragical end of that unfortunate princess, the husband, penetrated with a sense of her many favours, did not long survive the loss of such a bountiful mistress; and Margaret, as an affectionate wife and servant, determined to revenge the untimely death of two persons so dear to her. Disguising herself in men's clothes, by the name of Anthony Sparkes, she repaired to Queen Elizabeth's court with two pistols about her, one to dispatch the royal victim, and the other designed for herself, as an escape from the hands of justice. Making her way through the crowd to get within reach of the queen, one of the pistols happened to drop; on which the guards seized her; and were for dragging her away to prison; but the queen, taking her for a man, would question her, and asked her name, country, and condition; to which the assassin composedly answered—"Madam, though in this dress, I am a woman; my name, Margaret Lambrun. I was several

years in the service of Mary, queen of Scotland, my honoured mistress, who was so unjustly put to death; and by her death you farther caused that of my dear husband, who pined away with grief and abhorrence at so worthy a lady being executed like a malefactor; and I, bearing inexpressible veneration for both, resolved, at the risk of my life, to avenge their death by your's. I have, indeed, gone through unspeakable conflicts, and striven as much as possible to divert myself from a purpose, which, though inevitably fatal to myself, would be of no benefit to my mistress or husband; but my rancour was insurmountable, and I am an instance that no reason or danger can stop a woman's revenge when stimulated by love." Irritating and malignant as such a speech was, the queen, without any emotion, made the following answer—"So you think killing me a point of honour, and my death a retaliation, which regard to your mistress and husband call for from your hands; but how think you it now behoves me to deal with you?" Margaret replied—"Freely will I declare my mind, if your majesty will first let me know whether you put that question as a queen, or as a judge." "As queen." "Then your majesty should pardon me." "What security can you give me, that you will not abuse my goodness by a second attempt?" "Madam, a favour granted with such precaution ceases being a favour, so your majesty may proceed against me as judge." Here the queen, turning towards some of her council, who were present, said, "Thirty years have I been a queen, but do not remember ever to have met with a person who gave me such a lesson; and, in return, she has my full and free pardon without any precaution." The lords of the council strongly urged the punishment of such a premeditated guilt. The queen, however, stood to her word. The pardoned delinquent desired that she might be conveyed out of the kingdom, and landed in some foreign country; which request was looked on as a stroke of singular prudence, and farther recommended her to clemency.

THE MACHINATIONS OF ENEMIES SOMETIMES FOILED.

SEMEDO, in his History of China, relates a very curious anecdote of penetration and quickness of mind which occurred in that country.—A certain chaguen, or governor of a province, was taken very ill, and refused to admit any visitors into his house. This being told to a mandarin of his acquaintance, he was very much concerned, and after many importunites, obtained an interview with him. On his entrance, he was greatly surprised to find no signs of sickness in his friend, and asked what was the matter with him. The governor at length told him, "that he had lost the emperor's seal out of the cabinet where it used to be kept, and that as the lock remained uninjured, he was sensible that the seal was stolen; of course, he could transact no business, and must soon be deprived of his government, and probably also of his life." The mandarin, perceiving the extraordinary nature of the case, asked him, if he had any enemy in the city. The other answered, "Yes; and that he was an officer of rank, who had long owed him a grudge." "Away then," replied the mandarin; "let your most valuable goods be secretly removed this evening; then set fire to the empty part, and call out for help; to which this officer must of necessity repair with the rest, it being one of the principal duties of his place. As soon as you see him amongst the people, deliver him, in the public presence, the cabinet, shut as it is, that it may be secured in his possession; and if he has caused the seal to be stolen, he will put it in its place again when he restores the cabinet; and if he is not the thief, yet the fault will lie upon him for having taken so little care of it, and you will not only be free from the danger, but also be revenged on your enemy." The governor followed his advice, and the next day received back his cabinet with the seal in it; both parties keeping the secret for their mutual safety.

MOTHERLESS MARY;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 310, Vol. V.)

CHAP. IV.

MARY, though wholly unconscious of any intention to rival the daughter of her benefactress, could not long remain insensible to the delicate, though silent attentions of Horatio, and felt that he was almost imperceptibly engrossing too much of her thoughts. Grateful for kindness which she attributed solely to urbanity of disposition, and a desire to make her amends for the indignities she hourly endured from Miss Bouverie, she never suffered one ambitious thought to enter her mind. She saw in Bouverie, a young man endowed with a more than ordinary share of personal attractions, a superiority of understanding, and an easy elegance of manner, joined to an interesting sensibility, which she had never before met with in any of the gentlemen who were in habits of visiting Mrs. Bouverie, most of whom either treated her with impertinent levity, or apathetic neglect: she was now of an age to appreciate character, and to feel the difference of the treatment she experienced; the change was new and pleasing; to become an object of attention to such a man as Bouverie, was certainly highly gratifying; and it is probable the sensation would soon have given birth to a more painful feeling, had not an unexpected circumstance diverted her thoughts into another channel. A letter was one morning brought by the post, directed to Miss Mary Powel; surprised, and somewhat alarmed, she hastily broke the seal, and with extreme perturbation read as follows—

"A penitent and sorrowing father, for the first time, addresses his long-neglected child. After a tedious exile from

my native country, I am returned, Mary, desirous to clasp you to my heart; but, from adverse circumstances, unable to welcome you to a home; yet I have made diligent search after you, and your poor unfortunate mother; I found, to my inexpressible horror, that she died the victim of neglect and unkindness. I traced you out, my Mary, and derived some consolation from the knowledge that you were kindly protected, and happy, even in a dependent situation. For some time I have forborne to disturb your tranquillity by the knowledge of my existence and misfortunes; a long tale it would be to enter on an explanation, or vindication of my conduct; I must defer it till we meet; for, if what I have heard of you be true, you will not refuse to visit, even in the obscurity of poverty, an aged and afflicted father. Come to me then, my child, without delay, that your sweet smile of forgiveness may cheer the last moments of an existence that can now know no other joy.

R. Powel.

P.S. You will find me in a lodging, at No. 5, Little Moorfields, London. If you have a trifle to spare, forward it to me as above, that I may make things a little comfortable for your reception.

The tears of Mary flowed unrestrainedly as she perused this epistle; and it was a considerable time before she could get the better of her emotion sufficiently to appear with composure at the breakfast-table. Bouverie instantly remarked her appearance, and, with tender interest, enquired, if she was indisposed; she evaded his scrutiny as well as she could; and, following Mrs. Bouverie, when she quitted the room, gave the letter into her hands, and expressed her willingness to be guided by her advice. Mrs. Bouverie read it with astonishment, and observed, that it was certainly incumbent upon her to obey her father's request. "His style is somewhat romantic, I think," said she; "and, it appears to me, that he is actuated more by selfish views than by paternal affection; however, it is hard to judge, child; so if you wish to supply him with a small sum, I will furnish you

with that, and sufficient to defray the expences of your journey." Mary thanked her with the most lively expressions of gratitude; and that same night forwarded five pounds, according to the direction, with a promise, that she would be in town in the course of three or four days.

Her next anxiety was the dread of visiting the metropolis alone, an inconvenience which she knew not how to obviate, and which she nevertheless made light of, in the fear of putting Mrs. Bouverie to additional expence. It was at length determined, that the stage was the most eligible mode of conveyance, as Mrs. Bouverie assured her, she had nothing to fear, and instructed her how to obtain a hackney-coach to the place of her destination. Part of this arrangement unavoidably reached the gentlemen; and Morley, in his own mind, determined on reaching town at the same time; as he entertained a strong suspicion, that Mary was purposely sent out of the way of Bouverie; as he was entirely ignorant of the contents of the letter Mary had received, as well as of her peculiar situation. On the day previous to her departure, he therefore pretended to recollect a friend in the neighbourhood, to whom he wished to pay a visit; he accordingly set off on horseback; but loitered at the nearest village until the stage passed through; which he closely followed, and reached the inn where it stopped, just as Mary prepared to alight. Her surprise, at perceiving him ready to hand her out, was extreme, and was still further increased, when he assured her, that he came purposely to protect and serve her, should his services be in any way necessary. Mary, though naturally unsuspecting, was not so entirely ignorant of life as not to have heard of the tricks practised by unprincipled young men; and a sudden doubt crossed her mind, that she would not be probably so safe under his protection as she might be alone; she, therefore, coolly thanked him for his proffered civility, but assured him, she had no apprehension of its being requisite, as she was going to visit her father, who resided in London; and whom she hoped to have the pleasure of embracing in a very short time. Morley apologized for the liberty he had taken;

but persisted in urging her to let him see her safe to the end of her journey; adding, that he should consider her refusal as particularly mortifying, after having proceeded so far in his zeal to serve her. Mary did not wish to appear ungrateful, and as she was above the little pride of wishing to conceal her father's humble situation, and imagined there could be no impropriety in his conducting her safely to him, she permitted him to take his seat in the coach with her. When they reached the house to which the coachman was directed, Mary enquired of the servant who came to the door, for Mr. Powel. I *knows* no such *parson*," was the abrupt reply. Mary looked at the number on the door; "Is not this Little Moorfields?" she asked the coachman. "To be sure it is," he answered, surlily; "and there is no other in *Lunnon*." "Then, my good girl, have you not an elderly gentleman in the house who is sick?" "No, we *hasent* no elderly gentleman sick or well; there's only *misses* and me, and young master, so it can't be here you wants to come." With these words she was proceeding to shut the door, when Mary requested to see her mistress. The girl muttered, "What's the use of troubling *misses*, can't you believe me?" She, however, called the woman out, who rather more civilly assured her, that there was no such person in the house as she enquired for, nor did she know any one of the name. Mary looked at Morley with a mingled emotion of surprise, alarm, and suspicion. "I can read your thoughts, Miss Powel," said he, "but, I protest to heaven, they wrong me; I will own to you, that I had a vague suspicion that you were somehow deceived, and that idea determined me to attend you; I am now happy that I did so, as I can have the happiness of conducting you back to Mrs. Bouverie." Mary burst into tears, "Good God!" she exclaimed, "what shall I do? this is a most cruel deception! But indeed, Captain Morley, I cannot, will not, return with you." "Well then, permit me to advise you as to your most prudent course, and you will be satisfied that I am not the author of this imposition. It will be impossible for you to return to-night alone; this house appears a respectable one, and, I dare say, the good

lady will have no objection to give you a lodging, until you write to Mrs. Bouverie, and learn if there has been no mistake in the direction given you." "Why I do let lodgings, to be sure, sir," observed the woman, "but not to strangers; *howsumever*, the young lady can walk into my parlour a bit, and perhaps we can settle things." "This lady is an entire stranger in London," said Morley, "but you need not be under any apprehension; whatever demand you may make shall be settled before hand." The landlady, apparently well satisfied by this promise, shewed them into a decently furnished room, and there left them; but did not forget to take her station outside of the door, that she might hear what passed between them. Mary now referred once more to her letter, and found the direction was too legibly written for there to be any mistake; she shewed it to Captain Morley, who, struck by the hand-writing, could not conceal his surprise. "May I solicit your confidence, Mary, so far as to ask to see the contents of this letter?" Mary bowed assent; and, when he had run over the contents, he turned to her with a look of concern, in which admiration was strongly blended. "You have, I fear, been scandalously imposed on, Miss Powel; but not by me, I give you my word; nay, I even suspect, that those you consider your greatest friends, will prove your greatest enemies; I must not say more at present; but, be assured, I will not quit town, until I see you in a place of security. Mary, for a moment, imagined his suspicion rested on Bouverie, but a secret consciousness made her unwilling to express her thoughts; and she intimated her desire, that he would leave her for the present, as the only way in which he could serve her would be in making enquiry in the neighbourhood for a person named Powel. Morley assured her he would go immediately to all the receiving post-offices where he should be most likely to obtain the desired information, and then departed. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Williams, the landlady, came in with the tea, and, familiarly seating herself, began to take a scrutinizing survey of our heroine. "And pray, Miss, from what part of the country do you

come?" was her first question. "From Henfield." "And that gentleman is a relation, perhaps?" Mary hesitated. "Well, it is no business of mine, to be sure; he is a very handsome, free gentleman, that I can say. You have some particular business in London, I suppose?" "I came to meet a very near relation, who has been absent from England some years; I understood he was ill, and resided here." Mrs. Williams shook her head, and replied only by a significant smile, and an ejaculation of "Poor thing!" Mary was at a loss what to think; and, unwilling to be further questioned, requested to be furnished with materials for writing. Mrs. Williams immediately left the room, and soon returned with an ebony writing-box, of an antique form, curiously studded with silver, on the lid of which, the cipher M. M. was neatly inlaid.

(To be continued.)

DEAN SWIFT.

DEAN SWIFT retired to the house of his friend, Mr. Gery, the rector of Letcombe Basset, in Berks, after his unsuccessful attempt to reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, in the month of June, 1714; and, during three months' residence there, wrote his pamphlet, entitled, Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs. It was not then published, on account of Queen Anne's death, in 1741. The dean was not only a man of business, but strictly conscientious and honourable; he therefore thought his retirement would alarm both his friends; but they were too fully engaged by their own pursuits to trouble their heads much about him. Thus we see, with respect to their own influence, men, even of genius, are apt to form very incorrect judgements.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Eighteenth Century.

MADAM COTTIN.

One of the most amiable, tender, generous, timid, gentle, and at the same time most distinguished women, at the close of the eighteenth century, was Sophia Restaud, known by the name of Madam Cottin. Miss Restaud was born at Tonneins, in the year 1775: her mother was enthusiastically fond of literature and the sciences; and educated her in a manner the most proper to develope the natural propensities of her mind.

She was removed from the place of her nativity to Bourdeaux, where she passed the happiest portion of her life. The germs of her fine talents remained a long time unknown to her family, because, in her simplicity and modesty, she did not endeavour to shine by sallies of wit; her conversation was more solid than brilliant; and exempt from the desire of displaying knowledge, which, in a female, ought to be concealed with as much care as she has taken pains to acquire it. Besides, little soliciteus about the suffrages of the world, she set more value upon affection than praise.

A young and rich banker, whose affairs gave him access to Mr. Restaud's house, made the young Sophia an offer of marriage, which she accepted; he could appreciate the merit of his wife, and she had the most tender regard for him.

They went to reside at Paris; and for three years, lived in a state of the most perfect felicity; death enviously severed their blest union; and, at the age of twenty-three, Madam Cottin had to weep for a beloved husband; while

the revolutionary tempest was raging in all its fury, and overturning the fabric of the ancient regime of France.

Retirement, so congenial to the impassioned and melancholy character of Madam Cottin, partly hid from her the sight of those bloody scenes which were every day exhibiting in Paris. Reading, the society of some friends, and the pleasure of pouring out her thoughts in private, were her only diversions. No person had more facility in expressing her thoughts; but she composed only for her own personal satisfaction, she never thought of publishing her works, which she deemed unworthy of appearing in print; and it was the goodness of her heart which decided the reputation she has since acquired; for Madam Cottin did not believe she had any pretensions to public notice; and her modesty would have prevented her from acquiring it.

One of her friends was included in the revolutionary decrees which compelled a great number of French people to fly from their country: he wanted fifty louis; and Madam Cottin, not possessing this sum, took her romance of *Claire d'Albe* to a bookseller; a work written in a short time, but not the less eloquent and sensible; she remitted the sum she made of it to her friend, who alone has given publicity to this action of his benefactress.

The romance of *Claire d'Albe* (or Clara d' Albe) published without the author's name, obtained the success which it deserved. Notwithstanding this success, Madam Cottin was not without her apprehensions when she published Malvina and Amelia Mansfield. Her third work, a masterpiece of composition, style, and sentiment, was committed to press for the laudable purpose of relieving an unfortunate widow, whose three daughters she educated with the money obtained for this production.

Madam Cottin could never acquire a proper confidence in herself, even after having traced in *Matilde* (Matilda) three characters of generally acknowledged superiority. Her last romance was *Elizabeth, ou les Exiles en Siberie* (Elizabeth, or, The Exiles of Siberia), equally remarkable

for the interest that pervades it, and the affecting description of the most noble passions. Most of her works have been translated into English; but this last is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

She composed, just previous to her death, a sacred poem, inferior to her other works, but in which appear those religious sentiments, that she cherished to the last moment of her existence. A long and painful illness, which she endured with patience, put an end to her life, and deprived her friends, the indigent, and literature of her services, the 20th August, 1807, at a moment when she was engaged in a work on education.

No woman ever wrote in a more agreeable or enchanting manner, with more originality, sentiment, passion, and eloquence, than Madam Cottin; her writings did not escape criticism in the midst of unanimous praise; but she was neither made vain by praise, nor was she indifferent to censure; from which she profited.

She has been accused of contradiction in her conduct and principles; which were, that a woman should not publish her works. "When we have a talent for writing," said she, "we always intermix something that is peculiar to ourselves; and which ought to be preserved for our friends." The feeling which induced Madam Cottin to act against her principles, is her greatest praise. Madam Cottin will ever retain a place in the first class of romance writers; and, what is still better, in the first rank of females who have honoured their sex by the most noble virtues. ☞

THE MUSICIAN AND COLUMBO.

Mrs. Piozzi gives a remarkable instance, in her Travels through Italy, of the Effect of Music on Animals—

"An odd thing," says she, "to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train

of reflections upon the animal race, and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals which can live at Venice; where, as I observed, scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing; for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the pianoforte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If, however, he or any one else strike a note false, or make any kind of discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and if teazed too long, grows quite enraged, pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if she ever arrive there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I choose to call, and confirm my own belief. A friend protested, he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgement fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to him to take musical instructions."

CAMBODIAN HALL;

OR,

LAW AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

(Continued from page 319, Vol. V.)

"I commenced my appalling tale, by describing the pointed attentions which Jackal had paid Miss Stanhope for a length of time; and disclosed certain traits in his character which marked him as a man of design and intrigue. I then made him acquainted with the arrival of that young lady's brother in the neighbourhood under a feigned name, which he had been induced to assume, from reports which had been circulated respecting Jackal's iniquitous designs. I then imparted the attempt which the villain had made to force her into a carriage, which was prepared to receive her at the end of the lane; and concluded this part of my narrative, by informing him, she was rescued by her brother, whose ball had passed through the shoulder, and broken two ribs in the villain's right side.

"During this recital, the variety of emotions depictured upon Arcot's countenance, would have formed an admirable subject for an artist's design. I then said, that this monster, supposing himself dying, had disclosed a long catalogue of crimes; 'and, I grieve to say, Mr. Arcot,' I added, 'that the woman, on whom you have bestowed your name, is one of the partners of his iniquity; and, at the present moment, a serjeant's wife, of the Sixteenth Regiment!'

"I will not shock my Louisa's feelings by a relation of the scene which followed, but merely inform her, I had

scarcely closed the latter part of my speech, when the infuriated monster (for I cannot give her the name of woman), burst into the apartment with fury and revenge darting from her eyes! On me, and the sacred profession which I follow, she poured down such a torrent of abuse, as seemed for some moments to petrify the feelings of the man whom her artifice had seduced; but, recovering himself in a few moments, he exclaimed, 'I will have ample vengeance, by the God that created me! Sir,' added he, 'have the goodness to send for a constable, that this inquitous woman may receive a punishment proportioned to her crimes.'

"A new scene was now to be acted; and we had kneeling, praying, sobs, and sighs; and in obeying the dictates of mildness, which Christianity inculcates, I persuaded Arcot to consent merely to repudiate his pretended wife; and a stage setting off in less than an hour for London, she took herself away, blessing, instead of cursing me.

"The agitation of Arcot's mind has had an effect upon his body; and as the artful jade, as I imagined, had induced him to make a will in her favour, I persuaded him to send for an attorney, who is at this moment depriving her of the power of injuring his family.

"The scene I have gone through, united to the fatigue of travelling, has, I assure you, completely exhausted my spirits, but the consciousness of having performed my duty will, I trust, soon be the means of recruiting them again; as I have the happiness of assuring you, I no longer feel the effect of my accident. The moment Mr. Arcot is able to travel, I shall recommence my journey; and may the God of mercy grant me the happiness of finding my children all well. Adieu! my Eliza. Receive the blessing of a father whose attachment to this life is inspired by the anxiety he feels for his offspring; and who will ever remain, your's, and your sister's firmest,

"And sincerest friend,

"WILLIAM PEMBERTON."

The satisfaction derived from this letter, extended far beyond the family of the Pembertons; the little Arcots in particular expressed the liveliest gratification at the prospect of never more beholding Mrs. Wilkins again. On the fourth day, however, a second epistle made its appearance, which filled the breasts of these interesting children with anguish, as it announced the sudden dissolution of their attached parent. The agitation of his feelings had brought on the return of a disorder with which he had been long afflicted; and the worthy Mr. Pemberton, hearing the opinion of the physician, considered it a duty to warn him of the approach of that enemy he had long dreaded. Supported, however, by the arguments of his mental physician, who reminded him that pardon would be bestowed upon the truly penitent, the unhappy man met his destiny with greater fortitude than might have been expected, leaving his children under the joint care of their pastor, Colonel Stanhope, and Miss Stanhope. By the desire of the former, the names of the latter were inserted, in consequence of his not being a young man, and in case of his decease, knowing his daughters were not calculated to have the management of such an immense fortune. The reciprocal attachment likewise which subsisted between Miss S. and her little pupils, had great weight with Mr. Arcot, who, though not an amiable character, was a tenderly attached parent.

As a superb mausoleum had been erected after the death of Mrs. Arcot, the body of her husband was deposited in the same tomb, and the sacred ceremony performed by the truly pious and respectable Mr. Pemberton.

When the will was made at Swansea, Mr. P. was rather surprised at not having been called upon to witness it; but how great was his surprise upon opening it to find that five thousand pounds was bequeathed to him; and upon the dangerous disease with which the deceased was attacked on the day following, a codicil added, expressly desiring that six thousand pounds should be divided between the guardians of his beloved children within one month of his death. As the benevolent feelings of the worthy rector's heart could not

withstand the powerful claims of the afflicted, this unexpected mark of friendship was truly acceptable to him, as, combined with the small sum he regularly laid by for his daughters, it would be the means of rendering them totally independent. Colonel Stanhope at first refused to receive any part of his legacy; but upon Mr. Pemberton's reminding him he was a young, and in all probability would soon become a family man, he presented it to his sister, with four more from himself, that, in case he entered into a situation which might be supposed likely to diminish his affection, she should enjoy the comfort of competence. That such a situation could alone constitute true happiness, the colonel in a short time felt persuaded; and the speaking eyes of Eliza Pemberton convinced him his proposals were not likely to be rejected.

As Mr. Arcot had expressed a desire, that the establishment at Cambodian Hall should be continued, though not with such a number of domestics, Miss Stanhope, in compliance with his wishes, and her own inclination, consented to remain there as friend and protectress to its youthful mistresses, where masters of the first respectability were engaged to attend them. By the judicious advice of their amiable preceptress, the interesting children soon began to experience the enjoyment which arises from the practice of benevolence, and that abundance of wealth with which a merciful Providence had blessed them, became the means of lessening the sorrows of the indigent.

The licentious Jackal, dreading the resentment of his patron, converted into money all that he possessed, and with his ill-gotten treasures, quitted England never to return to it again. The partner of his iniquity, accidentally encountering her husband, when adorned with all the adventitious aids of dress, excited a suspicion in his bosom, that she was affluent enough to support him; and, in consequence of this opinion, he followed her home to her lodgings. Feigning to be poor, or being so in reality, she refused him the slightest assistance, when, exasperated by this mode of conduct, he struck her a violent blow with the handle

of his sword, and, seeing the blood gush from the wound, as she lay extended, alarmed at what he had done, he rushed out of the house. The quantity of blood she lost, from the want of timely assistance, as no person happened to be near the room, brought on a complaint, from which she never recovered; and that wretched woman died in an hospital.

This narrative can scarcely be read without exciting a train of moral reflections upon the mercies and retributive justice of an all-seeing God; whose protecting arm, whilst succouring the innocent, aims his arrows of destruction against the abondoned.

A NEW METHOD OF ADVERTISING.

A PARISH clerk had built a house upon Mount Sion, which, every one knows, is near Tunbridge Wells, and is also one of the most beautiful spots in England. The speculation (for it was intended for a lodging-house), seemed a good one, but, like many other speculations, it failed; the season had half passed away, and the lodgings of the clerk remained unlet; he therefore determined to advertise them in a new manner, and the next Sunday, when he had given out the psalm, began,

"Mount Sion is a pleasant place,"

And continued his stave in a manner that turned the attention of the congregation to the Mount Sion in the vicinity; the consequence of which was, that it was discovered he had apartments to let there; and, as the story circulated, they were, by this ingenious device, soon after sought with great avidity.

DR. JOHNSON

OBSERVES, That in the world there is much tenderness where there is no misfortune, and much courage where there is no danger.

THE GRATEFUL TURK;

A MORAL TALE.

Lovely in youth, the sympathetic tear,
When the heart melts at tales of woe severe.

John Turner.

A YOUNG Italian gentleman named Pietro Cornaro, of an ancient family, and of considerable fortune, in the city of Ferrara, travelling for amusement, came to Leghorn; where, having engaged an apartment that opened to the public street, from the windows thereof he frequently entertained himself with observations on the various objects passing in review before him.

Directly opposite, was a bench placed, on which it was a custom of the city, to allow the Turkish slaves to sit, while plying as porters for their masters, who, satisfied with a portion of their earnings, left them the remainder for their subsistence and necessities.

On this seat, Cornaro often noticed a particular slave, thoughtful and dejected, leaning pensively his head upon his hand, and dropping now and then a silent tear, which he seemed to endeavour secretly to wipe away. The frequent repetition of this mournful practice, struck the compassionate Italian very forcibly. Becoming, at length, earnestly desirous to learn the reason of his sorrow, he sent a messenger to bring him to his apartment; and proceeded to enquire the manner of his being taken, and how long he had continued in a state of slavery. The disconsolate Turk replied, that he was an honest Mussulman, neither the friend of war nor rapine, though, unfortunately, a prey to both. "In an unlucky visit to an aged father, then in health and peace, at Cyprus, I was taken by the Christians, made a slave, and reduced to what you now behold."

He then proceeded to inform his kind enquirer, that he had left a large family, two sons, now grown up, and nine younger children, to deplore his loss; they being wholly destitute of means to obtain any knowledge of his present condition; in which, he added, that he had sorrowfully spent four tedious years.

The pitying heart of Cornaro, framed for tender and compassionate emotions, melted generously with sympathetic distress, to find the wretched and forlorn situation of this complaining Mussulman; and, after asking his name, and other questions, gave him money, dismissing him with encouragement to hope for succour.

The unfortunate Turk returned to the unwelcome practice of his daily labour. The benevolent Cornaro, seriously reflecting on the sorrow of this unfortunate man, and considering, that the will of Providence, or some unexpected turn of fortune, might one day make the case his own, and teach him, by the bitter proof of sad experience, how to pity others' miseries, resolved to do a noble act of Christian charity; and, by making interest with the governor, he found means to get the Turk released for the ransom of one hundred and forty-five ducats. Never could more welcome, or surprising news, rejoice the gladdened heart of a human sufferer than that which brought the happy Turk the news of his delivery. In a transport of ungoverned joy, he fell upon his knees, embraced the feet of his benefactor, and with numerous vows of heartfelt gratitude, entreated Cornaro to inform him how he might return two-fold that friendly sum which had so effectually purchased his liberty. The generous Italian told him, that he expected no return; yet, if his soul was noble, and would urge him to be grateful, he asked only the solemn promise, that he would, when arrived in Turkey, redeem from slavery some Christian whom he might think deserving, and send him back to visit once more his native country. The liberated Turk, supplied with clothes, and all things necessary, embarked on board an English vessel bound to Asia, and returned to his habitation.

About three months after the Turk had departed from Leghorn, Cornaro, having been the greatest part of the time at Venice, became enamoured of a young lady, named Maria Delfino, who had for several years resided in that town, under the care of a substantial merchant, youngest brother to her father, who, with her sisters, and the major part of her relations, lived at Malta. Nothing could persuade the amorous Italian from a strong expression of his growing passion; he solicited her uncle with incessant importunities, and at last engaged him to permit him to address her, upon this condition, that he should accompany his niece and him to Malta, there to obtain her father's approbation of his person and condition. This was promised; and he continued four months daily visiting the object of his affection, till he gained entirely her consent to marry him, when she should be authorized by her father's permission. They embarked on board a vessel bound for Malta, and belonging to that island, of which they were almost arrived in sight, when a Turkish galley met them, made undistinguished prize of all her cargo, and consigning Cornaro, with his mistress and her uncle, to slavery, landed them at Smyrna, together with the valuable booty they had taken.

The three companions, in this miserable state, had previously changed their clothes for coarser and rougher habits, on seeing the danger with which they were threatened; in order that, being so disguised, they might expect a ransom at a smaller charge than otherwise would serve; so that, being taken with the common people, they were, like them, in chains, conducted to the public market, where slaves are bought and sold.

Cornaro and his uncle were tied together, and placed, with many more, to wait the purchase of the highest bidder; opposite to them, the poor unhappy lady stood, half dead with fear and anguish, with a numerous crowd of Christian women, young and old, expecting every moment to be bought, and torn away from any hopes of ever seeing her lover and relations. At last a young and graceful Turk came up to the disconsolate Maria, and bargaining immediately with the pro-

per officer, paid the money, then throwing over her a veil he had brought on purpose, took her from the rest, and carried her away with uncommon satisfaction. Many a complaining look did the despairing lady give her friends, who answered her with all the mournful marks of silent lamentation; and were now (especially the lover) so confounded with their misery, that they stood like statues, looking stedfastly on the ground, taking little notice of the many purchasers who walked about from place to place, to view the persons of the wretched captives. While they were thus fixed in contemplation on the transitory blessings of this mortal life, there came a Turk from stall to stall, enquiring earnestly of every officer, of what quality and country the slaves were; and examining particularly the slaves themselves; he at last came to Cornaro, who, hanging down his head, the Turk stooped forward to look upon his face, a courtesy not often practised by those people, who are generally rather rough in their behaviour on such occasions.

The Turk no sooner saw the face, but, starting back in great surprise, he raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and, transported at the strange discovery, cried out aloud, "*I thank thee, holy prophet, that thou hast guided well my lucky footsteps!*" The grieved Italian, looking up at this surprising exclamation, saw before him the very man, whom, in Leghorn, he had so kindly freed from slavery. No pen can describe the raptures he felt at the happy meeting; swift embraces followed their surprise; and when the wonder of the Turk gave him leave to speak again, he thus addressed himself to Cornaro—"I promised thee," said he, "thou best of Christians, that I would certainly redeem from servitude such slave as I should judge would more than any else deserve that blessing; and now, thanks to Mohammed! in thee I have discovered him." Instantly he ordered the officer who guarded him to send some person for his ransom, and to conduct him directly to his own house. The overjoyed Italian heard with pleasure the return of his gratitude: he told him, "If he would be doubly kind, he might redeem his friend who suffered with him, and they would

find some speedy means to reimburse his charges." The proposition was embraced as soon as offered, and a person being sent to take the money, received immediately the ransom he demanded, and, returning to the market, left the gentlemen to the care of their deliverer. The Turk's two sons, when told of the accident by which their father met the man to whom he owed his liberty, expressed sincere and grateful joy, and bid them welcome, with inexpressible civility.

After having heard the manner of their having been taken, and their sorrowful complaint for the loss of an unhappy maiden, whom they tenderly loved, the eldest of the two sons cried out with earnestness, "Now, by our holy prophet! my father's house contains this very maiden!" He then proceeded to inform them, that he had bought, that morning, a young Christian slave to wait on his mother; that she had given the same account that they had done of the particulars of her captivity; that she was then in the women's apartment; and he would, for their satisfaction, fetch her down that very moment. It is easy to imagine the various feelings that agitated their bosoms, possessed alternately by hope and fear, till doubt gave way to certainty, and they beheld the person they had so lately lost, conducted to their arms by him to whom the laws of Turkey gave her as a lawful purchase.

They staid a week with their landlord, who would not rest till he had ransomed two men servants, and a maid who waited on the lady; these, together with as many of the goods and clothes as he could purchase from the Turk who took them, he bestowed again on their lawful owners, gave them a considerable sum of money, and contrived to get them a passage on board a vessel of Marseilles, then bound to Malta.

Cornaro, the young lady, and her uncle, frequently endeavoured to persuade this honest Turk to take their bills, or find some other method to secure his money, but he stedfastly persisted in a positive refusal of all their proffers, teling Cornaro, that the debt was paid before it was contracted;

and would often lay his hand devoutly on his bosom, and, with a zealous sigh, repeat this proverb—"*The God of Heaven gives us plenty, that we may, as his almoners, supply the wants of those who are in need*"

The redeemed captives arrived safely at Malta; where Cornaro had the satisfaction of obtaining the consent of the young lady's father; and their nuptials were shortly after solemnized. SOBRINO.

A RARE EXAMPLE OF WELL-APPLIED LIBERALITY.

BISHOP BURNET relates a pleasing anecdote of Serjeant Glanville, an eminent lawyer in the reign of Charles the First—"His father had a fair estate, which he intended to settle on his eldest son, but he being a vicious young man, and there appearing no hopes of his recovery, he settled it upon the serjeant, who was his second son. Upon his death, the eldest, finding that what he had before looked upon as the mere threatening of an angry father, was now but too certain, became melancholy, and this, by degrees, wrought so great a change in him, that what his father could not accomplish while he lived, was now effected by the severity of his last will. His brother, observing this, invited him, with many other friends, to an entertainment, and after other dishes had been served up, he ordered one that was covered to be set before his brother, desiring him to uncover it; which being done, the company was surprised to find it full of writings. The serjeant then told them, that he was now doing what his father would have done, if he had lived to see that happy change which they all now were witnesses of; and therefore he now freely restored to his brother the whole estate." This is an example worthy of imitation; the reprobate is reclaimed by severity; and afterwards rewarded for his amended life, and confirmed in a virtuous course, by the well-timed and singular liberality of a friend; for a complete reformation of vice can never be expected while it continues to smart under a sense of injustice, however much it may have been merited. ☞

THE GOSSIPER, No. XXVIII.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

MR. *alias* MRS. GOSSIPER,

HAVING lately seen you addressed by the honourable appellation of *Mistress* as well as *Mister*, I feel somewhat at a loss to know how to introduce myself to a person of your consequence and notoriety, under circumstances so embarrassing; for (although I might very naturally consider you of the *doubtful gender*) something whispers to me, that you are not quite *neuter* to the fair part of the creation. In truth, I am rather inclined to consider you one of those venerable old *quidnuncs*, who, at all times, form a necessary appendage to society; one, whom experience has rendered wise, without its conceit; and age respectable, without its moroseness; who, to the aged, appears grave; to the polite, courteous; to the young, affable; and to all, agreeable and instructive. But you will doubtless, sir, think that I have taken up my pen to eulogize your imaginary attributes; alas! far different is the case; I did it to give vent

"To a world of trouble,"

which proceeds, sir, from a source, which even you, with all the penetration and discernment which I am willing to allow you, will not surmise. Your two friends, Poeticus and Pictoribus, have lately detailed a series of persecutions which the possession of talents have entailed upon them; but, sir, there is another acquirement, or rather accomplishment, since it has obtained the appellation of elegant, which possesses miseries in, I think I may almost say, a ten-fold degree, to those enumerated by your correspondents. What I allude to is being a musician. Yes, sir, we sons of Apollo are doomed to undergo trials of no ordinary kind, and which indeed are known only to those who are compelled to sub-

mit to the painful endurance of them. You will, perhaps, scarcely credit the assertion; but, to convince you, I will, like my precursors, detail some few events of my otherwise uninteresting life.

You must know then, that, when at school, I became, by some untoward circumstance, possessed of a jews-harp, to become a performer on which constituted the height of my ambition; I therefore applied with so much perseverance and industry to the acquirement of it, that, to the uncultivated ears of my acquaintance and schoolfellows, I very shortly succeeded to admiration, and frequently elicited from them the most unqualified expressions of approbation: this was the more flattering to my pride, as a boy, older than myself, had long possessed the supremacy of musical talent, by his performance with a comb placed between a piece of paper, and applied to the denticulated orifice of his face, which, with the assistance of his respiratory organs, enabled him to produce sounds, though inferior to an Orpheus, that were yet esteemed by us all for their pathos and expression. But you may suppose, that my musical acquirement did not rest here, nor were the plaudits I received confined to my playmates only; for some old maiden aunts, (whom I was once called upon to entertain with a solo upon my favourite instrument) discovered so much critical exactness in my execution, and true greatness in my style, that they involuntarily voted me a fife, in order, as they said, I should tread in a higher department of the science; declaring at the same time, that all great geniuses were born such. This was indeed an unexpected elevation, and, except being once threatened by the testy old parson of the parish to be put in the stocks, if I continued to annoy the neighbourhood with my noise, I generally amused, and gave ample satisfaction by my progress in that kind of instrumental melody. But I shall tire you with a recapitulation of my initiation in the art; suffice it, that, after a few years, the clerk of the parish taught me the violin; and I am now considered an indispensable personage at every party hereabouts. In this my misery consists; for the tuning of a hundred orchestras could not be half so great

a curse to Handel, as being called upon to "favour the company with a song, or a tune," is to me; for the very first note is invariably considered the signal for merriment and conversation by the whole party, and which ceases only with the air. Again, conceive a greater mortification, if you can, than when giving all the effect of a *crescendo* or *diminuendo* which one is master of, the whole room joins in a hearty laugh at some joke played off, perhaps, at one's expence; for it was but a few evenings since, whilst I was engaged in playing a concerto of Pleyel's, one of those troublesome bipeds, a spoiled child, amused himself, and indeed the company, by twisting a piece of paper up into a grotesque shape, and sticking it under the collar of my coat, whilst a wag, who sat next to me (thinking it no doubt a masterpiece of wit) applied, unperceived by me, a candle to the end of it; and I did not discover the trick, until the deflagration of my hair, by the devouring element, gave me unwelcome intimation of it. But it was necessary to bear a joke, therefore summoning all the *sang-froid* I was master of, and even joining in a kind of forced laugh with the party, I retired to my chair with becoming gravity, after having finished my concerto; but here a fresh misery awaited me; for the same urchin, elevated by his former success, dexterously slipped away the chair from behind me, and I measured my circumference on the floor, at the expence of breaking the bridge and two strings of my violin. Instances of similar jokes are by no means uncommon, and, as jokes, they may even be tolerated; but, to a musician, it is a much greater mortification to be told, after having exerted himself in playing the favourite production of an admired composer, that "it is most likely very fine, but I don't understand it!"

A practical knowledge of music, according to popular belief, conveys at the same time the talents of a singer, however disqualified by voice, &c.; a song, therefore, being called for, and complied with, only produces a repetition of the miseries already detailed. Thus, if I attempt to give effect to a plaintive air by any gesticular motion (which,

according to my ideas, frequently imparts a peculiar force of expression, when given with judgement) it never fails to call forth a laugh; it may indeed happen, that the muscles of my features may undergo an unusual contraction at any *espressivo* part, yet, in spite of this conviction, the mortification is the same, at exciting feelings so contrary to my wishes. There are other miseries, such as hearing the finest pieces executed by the most indifferent performers, and being restrained at the same, by the rules of common politeness, from giving vent to one's feelings on the occasion. Hogarth's delineation of "The enraged Musician" is an improvement on this. But I think I have by this time furnished you with a copious *theme*, which, believe me, will admit of *variations ad infinitum*; I will therefore only subscribe myself,

Your's, at command,

Fiddle-stick-place. MUSICUS.

THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE TORTURE.

THE fallacious and fatal effects of the Torture are happily done away with in our days; but men are still deceived by appearances, and if not so much the dupes of prejudice, are still too apt to reason from results rather than from facts; and to draw false inferences concerning others, rather from the train of unhappy difficulties under which they may sometimes labour, than from the real vices, or deformities, of the character of the individuals; that is, rather than examine with care, whether it has been occasioned by their own misconduct, or moral turpitude, or by events not in their power to controul, or drawn on them by the artifices of designing persons; it may therefore be useful to give instances in which public bodies of men have judged erroneously of the actions of others, in part or in whole, and inflicted unjustly the severest and greatest penalties of the law, in order to put us on our guard against incautious decisions; and to point

out the necessity of suspending our opinions when there is not the amplest means of investigation.

The president of the council in Friezeland, styled the pensionary, having for many years witnessed with regret the fatal effects of the torture, and being convinced of the fallaciousness of the test, endeavoured to prevail with the magistracy of the province to suppress it; but, to prevent the use of this punishment in future, he was under the necessity of resorting to the cruel expedient of making one more innocent man suffer it. He got up in the night, and went to his gardener's room, from whose pocket he took a knife, and repaired with it to the stable, where he cut the throat of his most valuable horse, and then replaced the knife in the gardener's pocket undiscovered. As soon as he heard of the accident, he appeared quite frantic with rage, and vowed he would punish the guilty person with the utmost rigour of the law! The poor fellow, at breakfast, innocently produced the knife, which, being bloody, his fellow-servants accused him of the crime. The president got him arrested, and the evidence was so clear, the length of the blade agreeing with the wound, and all other circumstances were so full against him, that his obstinacy in denying it, surprised the judges, who put him to the torture. At first he bore it with great courage, but when his bones were almost dislocated by the violence of drawing him up to the beam, and letting him down by a jerk, with weights tied to his feet, he confessed the fact, and every particular which they thought proper to extort from him. Then the president declared himself; related the whole story as it happened, and told his brethren, that unless the torture was absolutely abolished in the province of Friezeland, he would write to the prince of Orange for leave to resign. In fine, his arguments prevailed; and on his representing to the prince the hard case of the gardener on whom he had been obliged to try this cruel experiment, the prince settled a considerable pension on the man for life. ☞

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 333, Vol. V.)

One day Placid came to me, and declared that he was determined to travel to Madrid. How, my son, upon the eve of your marriage with Ines!—Six months must pass before she attains the age of seventeen, answered he, and our laws, you know, will not permit her to marry before. I shall then return: I shall not be absent more than four or five months.—Think of it well, Placid; unexperienced, you are going to throw yourself upon a new world.—I wish to know these men who are better informed than we are, these inventors of writing, calculation, and all our arts. What hazard shall I run amongst them? they are Christians, and more enlightened than we are; therefore they must be more virtuous.—You obstinately persist, my dear Placid, that these men, who are really more learned, are also better; and in this you are deceived; I repeat, you will find vices in Madrid of which you have no conception.—I confess, I cannot be persuaded; vice and science cannot be allied together.—Yet, my son, you know what effect pride and forgetfulness of God have had even on angels.—But, with the revelation, the sublime morality of the Gospel, and great information, how should mortal men, who are to remain but so short a time upon earth, fall into these deplorable errors. Pride has surprised immortal creatures, whose only

knowledge of God was confined to his magnificence. We are horror-struck at this astonishing ingratitude; but this corruption is more easy to be conceived in immortal than it would be in mortal and fragile beings, who are condemned to die; and, with a knowledge of the goodness and supreme power of God, also know his dreadful justice. I have long been resolved. In vain I urged Placid to relinquish this dangerous resolution; all my efforts were useless. I exhorted him to mistrust appearances; and wrote to Don Pedro, at Madrid, one of my nephews, to beg him to watch over this interesting young man. Don Pedro came, and took upon himself the entire care of him. We were much affected at his departure. He was then twenty-three years of age; in the flower of youth; remarkably handsome; had the most lively imagination, a feeling heart, and great candour; but was destitute of all kind of experience. How could it be expected that he should resist every kind of temptation to which he would be exposed? But you must understand him to have a perfect conception of the happy concatenation of ideas and sensations which have enabled him to escape so many dangers. You will find in him, added father Isidore, a simplicity and an earnestness that give a peculiarity to his manner. Placid is no savage; he has a cultivated mind, a fine imagination, and much genius and talent. He began the world with all these advantages, but entirely ignorant of the laws, manners, and customs, of society, and of the inventions of human industry; all was new to him. He is most happily organized; he had a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate excellency of every kind; and sufficient religion and uprightness to be shocked at whatever offends morality or humanity. Being neither surfeited, nor familiarised by custom, with objects calculated to excite admiration, or deserve censure, he judged of every thing in an absolute manner with enthusiasm or detestation; and it so must be. At these words, the marquis and Adolphus interrupted father Isidore to express their desire of hearing this interesting recital from the lips of Placid. Since

you rest here to night, replied father Isidore, I promise you this gratification. Placid will pass the evening with us, and relate his narrative.

Placid actually came. The travellers admired the imposing and regular form, the natural grace, and noble countenance of this young man, then twenty-seven years of age. On his part, Placid, struck with the air and beauty of Adolphus, and his melancholy appearance, and that of the marquis, attended them with every mark of respect.

Father Isidore, who had to rise early, left them together, and went to bed. Half-an-hour was passed in desultory conversation, when Placid, sighing, consented to satisfy the eager curiosity of the emigrants; and, hiding his face with his hands, said, "What! shall I minutely recall those moments of confusion and infatuation, those heart-rending sorrows, of which I had long since driven away the terrible recollection?—I often think of the struggle which the picture of civilised society made me experience, and which passed so rapidly under review. In the happy calm of solitude, so many errors, inconsistencies, and absurdities, may be remembered without danger. What reasonable being, in preserving a just idea of the world, would regret it? But how shall I be able to depict that fleeting happiness, that delirium of hope and joy, which were tasted a few moments! They are not forgotten! I have subdued my imagination; but those profound ineffacable impressions, concentrated in my heart, will remain there for ever. Now there I must search for them. You ask me to scatter the ashes which cover a devouring fire. A burning flame will, perhaps, escape from this mysterious hearth, whose explosion nothing can longer restrain. No matter; you wish it. Alas! I have but too much pleasure in obeying you.—Here Placid meditated a moment in silence; and then resumed his narrative in these terms—

More than three months before my journey to Madrid, my abode in the valley had been rendered uncomfortable. Because I wished to make myself useful to my countrymen by endeavouring to bring the sciences to perfection, of which

they had only a slight knowledge, I was the object of universal malevolence. Vanity had no share in these endeavours; I was actuated by the purest motives, a taste for study, and a desire to benefit the public; yet I was hated.

Envy, far from having sprung from the ever generous feeling of power, arose from the constrained avowal of incontestable inferiority, and the shameful inability to admire, which debases the soul, and taints it with ingratitude. And doubtless the fall of the rebellious angels was occasioned by their envy of the omnipotence of the Eternal, For me, when I saw myself the subject of animosity, I was confirmed in my intention of searching for more equitable men. I felt severely for the authors of my being; they had applauded my efforts; encouraged my studies; and would have been proud of my success! At length, I departed; not without shedding tears at receiving the benediction of father Isidore, and leaving young Inés, who was in six months to become my wife. I loved Inès, but not with the passion of love: other young girls in the valley, deviating from the character of their sex, had evinced a more ardent attachment for me, which I only attributed to the kind of *éclat* shed upon me by the inventions I was the author of. I preferred not the regular and striking beauty of young Inès, but her pure piety, innocence, and timid and modest sweetness. I had had little conversation with her; living near each other, we were satisfied, but observed silence; there was no communion of minds; her complete ignorance, and inert fancy, did not in these respects admit of any intimate correspondence; she looked at me with the sweetest expression; heard my verses with pleasure, often without understanding them, but was pleased with the sound of my voice; and loved to sing a pious hymn of which I had composed the music and words; these are all the proofs that I had had of her affection. We were not disturbed by jealous fears, or anxious doubts; nothing opposed the monotonous and happy tenour of our passion, or rather (for I have known it too well since) esteem; it could not be called love; at least it was not that tyrannical and tumultuous passion which,

amidst the splendour of the arts and refinements of civilization, consumes the animal frame,—that passion, provoked by a thousand obstacles, refined by seductive talents, the charm of mystery, and all the illusions of an inflamed imagination! It resembles the torrent of the valley in a tempestuous day; the rain, hail, and wind, all seem to unite at once to augment its force. The torrent is not dreadful of itself; alone it forms only a pure and tranquil brook: those adventitious impulsions, which, in precipitating and changing its beneficent direction, pollute its limpid waters, render its course as fatal as impetuous. A similar love will never be found in solitude; it is not in nature; but the effect of a disordered imagination.

At length I departed, well persuaded that I should find in this other universe, the perfection of every virtue, as well as that of every art and science.

The journey did not at all embarrass me, thanks to the goodness of father Isidore; for one of his nephews, named Don Pedro, came to take and convey me with him. He dressed me in clothes similar to his own, which were a great constraint; but I thought in time I should accustom myself, like Don Pedro, to this inconvenience. A league from hence, we found a carriage, and this rolling machine appeared to me so marvellous a work, that I passed more than half-an-hour in examining it. Yet I was very uneasy in it; besides the continual fear of being overturned, I felt uneasiness in my legs, and jumblings, which made me suffer cruelly. Don Pedro is forty-two years of age, virtuous, informed, with a soul as noble as his mind is enlightened. I was strongly interested in his conversation, and he was much amused at my extreme ignorance. I knew that property was not in common in the places to which we were going; and that, to live there, it was necessary to have money. Don Pedro had some; and it appeared to me a matter of course, that he should pay for me: I thought that we were never exempted from this line of conduct to those who wanted, that Christians could not not do otherwise, and that I should offend Don Pedro by thanking him for it.

The first village we passed through, I thought I was entering a town, and enquired, if it were possible for Madrid to be better built. At the second post, where we stopt to change horses, I was greatly affected at a sight as afflicting as new to me! Don Pedro was fast asleep, and I was leaning upon the coach-door, looking with curiosity at the surrounding objects. It was at the extremity of a village, opposite a baker's shop, when a woman, covered with rags, and carrying two little infants in her arms, approached the carriage, and asked alms of me; saying, in a lamentable voice, that she and her children were perishing of want. What! cried I, do you not see the quantity of bread behind you? go, and take some.—Alas! it would not be permitted. How! not in your state?—At these words, I open the coach-door, jump down from the carriage, fly to the baker's shop, seize a large loaf, and give it to the poor woman; saying to the baker, Friend, I do not take this loaf for myself, as you see; it is for this poor woman, who complains of hunger.—Pay me then, answered the baker.—I cannot; I have no money; but I repeat, it is for this unfortunate woman.—We have many poor people; we cannot give to all.—So long as you see them, and have bread, you ought to give it. You sell to the rich for that purpose.—In this way, we should have a thriving trade!—Yes, for you would have the blessings of God. The poor woman, fearing the resentment of the baker, wanted to return the loaf, which he was going to take back, and to offer her a small one; but I opposed it. She shall have that which I have chosen, said I, snatching the large loaf from the baker's hand, who, furious, called his two men servants. I valiantly defended myself with the loaf that I had taken, broke it in pieces upon the baker's shoulder, whom I knocked down, while overthrowing one of his men; the other I took by the throat, and threw him to the further end of the shop. My physical strength filled them with terror; and I was master of the field of battle; when Don Pedro, awaked by this uproar, ran to enquire the reason.

(To be continued.)

A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S——.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I KNOW not whether you recollect, that, during the happy month I passed at the country-seat of your worthy father, you one day acknowledged, that you knew very little of Mythology; and, on my blaming your neglect of a subject which every accomplished female should study, you sportively declared, that if, instead of scribbling sonnets and essays, I would compose a new system of Mythology, it should form a part of your studies in future. I have not forgotten your promise, nor the saucy smile which accompanied it; a smile which, properly translated, meant, I will trust to your indolence, my good cousin Clermont, to save me the trouble of keeping my word.

I dare say, that, at that moment, you recollected the declaration of our friend Danvers, that when he founded the idle club, he had no doubt of my being elected president without one dissentient voice. Indolent, however, as I am, the possibility of serving or obliging you is a motive sufficiently strong to enable me to break the chains of nature and habit; too happy shall I esteem myself in doing so, if my labour should be the means of making you acquainted with a subject, which it is absolutely necessary for you to be conversant with. But do not be frightened, my sweet cousin, I shall not lead you through the labyrinth of fable by the longest road; my object is to impart just so much knowledge of Mythology, as will enable you to comprehend and

relish the language of poetry, and the beauties of painting and sculpture. In a word, whatever may be the other defects of my system, I promise you it shall at least have the merit of brevity.

Night, Chaos, and Destiny, are allowed to be the most ancient of the fabulous deities, but the parent stock from whom all the other Gods are supposed to descend, are the Heavens and the Earth, worshipped under the names of Cœlum and Terra, from whose marriage sprung Titan, Saturn, Oceanus, the Cyclops, Ceres, Thetis, and Rhea. In process of time, the harmony of the celestial family was disturbed by the Cyclops, who might be truly termed the Gods of a barbarous age; they were giants of prodigious strength, whose appearance was hideous, having but one eye, which was placed in the centre of their foreheads. Proud of their strength, they used it to commit the most violent excesses, and Cœlum tried to restrain them in vain; exasperated by their disobedience, and thinking his throne in danger from their machinations, he hurled them into the depths of Tartarus, and kept his other children in close confinement.

Terra, incensed at a severity, which, however, was justified by circumstances, contrived to set Saturn at liberty, and plotted with him the dethronement of his father. They engaged the other Gods in the conspiracy, and having succeeded in seizing Cœlum, they compelled him to yield the sovereign power to his second son Saturn.

But why to his second son? methinks I hear you exclaim. Because, my Charlotte, Rhea, the wife of Saturn, was the favourite daughter of Terra, and she ardently desired a throne for her husband. Ah! where is the female, however humble her wishes may be for herself, who is not ambitious for him she loves! Rhea persuaded her mother that Saturn ought to assume the regal dignity; and Titan, the eldest born, at Terra's desire, ceded it to his brother, but on condition, that he should destroy all the male children whom his wife might have. Saturn readily agreed to this arrangement, and, being determined to keep his promise inviolate, he swallowed his children as soon they were born.

Rhea now began to find that a throne may be bought too dear. Grieved as she was at the loss of her children, she did not, however, contest the point with her husband, but determined to have recourse to stratagem to preserve her offspring; and accordingly, when she was again pregnant, she contrived, as her time drew near, to conceal herself from her husband, till after the twins Jupiter and Juno were born. She wrapped up a stone in swaddling clothes, and presented it to Saturn, in place of the former; he swallowed it without the least suspicion; and Rhea, finding her stratagem succeed, repeated it at the birth of Neptune, and afterwards at that of Pluto, without her husband having the least idea of the trick she played him.

The happy mother secretly educated her eldest son, Jupiter, in the isle of Crete; and he had reached maturity before his existence was known to his father, or his uncle; the latter discovered it first, and enraged with Saturn, whom he implicated in the plot against him, he took him and his wife prisoners, and confined them in Tartarus. Jupiter found means to escape his vengeance, and for some years he employed himself in devising means to break the fetters of his parents. At length, he was fortunate enough to succeed; Titan was, in his turn, taken prisoner, himself and his children loaded with chains, and thrown into the prison from which Jupiter had liberated Saturn.

This signal service ought to have been a bond of union between the father and son; but Saturn was fearful that ambition might one day or other instigate Jupiter to dispute the palm of sovereignty with him, and that the brilliant valour, of which Jupiter had already given such convincing proof, would be used for his destruction. Impressed with this idea, he prepared a snare for his son, who, being informed of his designs, determined to render them ineffectual, by expelling him for ever from Olympus, and assuming himself the sovereignty of the heavens. Thus driven from his celestial throne, Saturn took refuge in Italy, where he found worshippers who instituted in honour of him, the festivals called Saturnalia, which took place in the month of Sep-

tember. The intention of these feasts was to commemorate the golden age, when mankind lived in a state of perfect equality, and all things were in common. During the time of the Saturnalia, the slaves were free from all restraint; they wore their masters' clothes, conversed with them upon a footing of perfect equality, totally neglected their usual avocations; and, in short, thought of nothing but pleasure and amusement, during the space of seven days, the time allotted for the festival.

Let us now see under what form Saturn is represented: his figure is always that of an old man, sometimes he appears robust, and with a severe countenance, in the act of swallowing a stone, wrapped in the habiliments of a babe; but his figure is frequently that of Time; he then appears as a naked, decrepid, old man, with wings at his shoulders, and an hour-glass in one hand, to denote the rapidity of his progress; he carries a scythe, which is emblematical of his mowing down every thing.

Let us now return to Jupiter;—but hold, it will be using the imperial thunderer very ill to introduce his history at the conclusion of a letter; and perhaps it may also be as well, my dear Charlotte, to give you a little respite. In my next, I shall introduce to you the whole of the celestial court, I mean the gods of the first class, and endeavour also to give you some account of their sovereign, whose memoirs, like those of some other great people, will want a considerable share of correction, before they can be rendered fit to meet the chaste eye of my delicate Charlotte.

Adieu, my dear Cousin!

Believe me ever devotedly, your's,

CLERMONT.

COLLINS, THE POET,

THOUGH a man of a melancholy cast of mind, was by no means averse to a *jeu de mot*, or quibble. Upon coming into a town the day after a young lady of whom he was fond had left it, he said, how unlucky he was that he had come *a day after the fair.*

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR JUNE, 1817.

THE intelligence of the month is of a most inauspicious kind; there is scarcely a cheering circumstance to dwell upon; while trials for libel and high treason have been pending in the metropolis, parties of famished peasants with arms in their hands, have been seized in the country. Every thing indicates that the political affairs of Europe are not likely to remain long in their present state; it is like the heaving of the earth previous to the bursting of a volcano; and this inward struggle, or suppressed commotion, will not be restrained by force; but by removing the cause, or giving it another direction; and, if such be possible, by finding employment and the means of subsistence for all classes. The further Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act will but aggravate the feelings of the people of this country, and we hope it will be dismissed on the third reading.

As a proof of the inefficiency of arbitrary measures, and the abhorrence in which ex-officio writs are held, we instance the enthusiasm with which Mr. Wooler was greeted on his first trial for an alleged libel on the government. In his admirable defence, which took up more than two hours, he discovered great natural powers of eloquence, and in many parts appealed so forcibly to the feelings of his auditors, as frequently to call forth their spontaneous plaudits, and, at the end, to be greeted with loud and long-continued acclamations. A part only of the jury having given a verdict of guilty, to which the remainder demurred, he has since moved the court to be acquitted, but as yet to no purpose, and it remains to be decided what measures government will take under these novel circumstances.

The State Trials for High Treason were conducted with great pomp and parade; and on the 16th inst. that of Dr. Watson, which had lasted seven days, was concluded, and

the jury, after deliberating near two hours, brought in a verdict of acquittal. This verdict was received, in Westminster Hall, by an immense crowd of persons, with shouts of applause, and reiterated acclamations. The following morning, Thistlewood, Hooper, and Preston, were put on their trials, *pro forma*, and discharged. The principal witness was Castles, a wretch loaded with the most dreadful crimes, who admitted he was clothed, and supplied with money, by Mr. Stafford, of his majesty's Public Office, Bow-Street. The riot which led to this trial, commenced in Spa-fields on the 2d December, and is well known. The public took great interest in the trial, and the verdict seemed to give general satisfaction.

From the North and Midland counties, accounts have been received of the movements and plans of the disaffected, many of whom, there can be no doubt, if we may judge from the Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Lords, have been deluded by those who pretend to be the friends of Government, and who were sent to the country, not to excite outrage, but to watch the movements of the seditious. At South Winfield and Penkridge, and several other villages in the North-Western part of Derbyshire, a simultaneous rising of the people took place at midnight, on the 10th inst. with pistols, pikes, and other weapons: they advanced to Eastwood, on their way to Nottingham; but, on seeing the military, they fled, and left their arms, &c. behind them. Twenty-eight of them were secured; and brought in a waggon to Nottingham. Every thing now remains quiet.

In Ireland, there have been alarming riots, on account of the dearness of provisions; and the dreadful state of that country; but every possible measure has been adopted to afford relief, and to protect the warehouses of the merchants.

France continues in a very unsettled state. The disturbances at Sens, Nogent, and in different communes of the Seine and Marne, have been attributed to the scarcity of provisions; this may in part account for them; but we fear the disaffection will be found to spring from a deep-rooted

aversion to the present government. In many districts, the peasants are literally starving.

The European powers have interposed to adjust the differences between Spain and Portugal; and prevent a rupture between them.

The Brussells papers mention, that great distress prevails in Prussia. The distress throughout Europe is general; and the consequences will be dreadful, if there is not an abundant and an early harvest.

The King of Wirtemburg has dissolved his states, in consequence of a misunderstanding with his subjects; who will not agree to an equal representation of the people!

The Prince Beauharnois has renounced the Italian principality of 50,000 souls, secured to him by the Congress of Vienna, and is to receive in exchange, the sum of five millions of francs from the Court of Naples.

In the province of Pernambuco, in South America, the Revolution has been complete; and the acts of the Provisional Government are perfectly and unequivocally respected. The insurgents have manifested every respect for British persons and property.

A conspiracy has been discovered in Lisbon which meditated the complete destruction of the government, and the assassination of Lord Beresford, and all the British officers, on garrison duty.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

THE performances at this theatre closed on Saturday evening the 20th inst. for the season, with Richard III. and the revived dramatic romance of Tekeli, for the benefit of Mr. Rae, who had to greet on this occasion as full a house as we almost ever remember. Between the play and the after-piece, he came forward as manager, and spoke a very

neat address; in which he thanked the public for their support and patronage during the present season, and adverted to the accession to the company of performers, who already rank high in public favour; and among the latter, the daughter of a lamented favourite (Mrs. Alsop, the daughter of Mrs. Jordan*); he observed, that in closing the theatre earlier than was customary of late years, it was intended to make such preparations as would ensure future favour; and concluded by offering the grateful acknowledgments of all the performers, and bidding them farewell. An allusion in the address to the determination of the managers to found their hopes of future success on the cultivation of "the legitimate drama," was received with repeated cheers.

COVENT GARDEN.

The plot of the new tragedy of the Apostate is founded upon the historical basis of the insurrection of the Moors of Grenada, under their Prince Hemeya, in the reign of Philip II. Hemeya is described as passionately in love with Florinda, the daughter of Alvarez, a Grenadian Nobleman, whom he rescues from a fire at the palace of her father—she confesses that she partakes his passion, and the father, in the overflowing of his gratitude, gives his daughter to the Moor. Pescara, the Governor of Grenada, and a rejected suitor of Florinda, blasts the happy prospects of the lovers, by putting into the hands of Hemeya Philip's Edict, prohibiting the marriage of a Christian with a Moor, and Florinda prepares herself to abandon her betrothed husband. She conceives the idea, however, of converting him to Christianity: her efforts are opposed by the influence of Malek, a Moorish Chief, to whom Hemeya is on the point of swearing by Alla never to abjure his faith, when the beloved Florinda enters, and withholds him and, after many struggles between love and religion, the former triumphs, and the

* Memoirs and Portraits of these distinguished females will be found in this work for April, 1816, and March, 1817.

Moor becomes an Apostate. The rancour of Pescara is still bent on vengeance on his rival: he at once taunts the Moor with his apostacy, sets the Inquisition at work on Malek his friend, for endeavouring to bring him back to the faith of Mahomet, and instigates Hemeya to go to the assembled Mosque to warn his brother Moor of his danger, but in reality to furnish an evidence of the zeal of Malek for his conversion. Malek is seized by the officers of the Inquisition—Hemeya reproaches Pescara with his treachery, and strikes him: they fight, and are separated by the appearance of Florinda. Pescara retires, cursing his intemperate condescension to fight with a Moor—full of rage, jealousy, and vengeance. Florinda vows to Hemeya never to wed another. Malek escapes, and rallies the Moors; but, in the mean time, Hemeya and Florinda both fall into the power of the revengeful Governor. With a refined cruelty, Pescara professes friendship to Florinda, and readiness to release Hemeya: she kisses his feet in the excess of her gratitude—the wretch then adds the condition of her becoming his wife—Florinda revolts at the proposal, but at last complies, to procure the safety of the Moor. From the altar, she is permitted to proceed to his dungeon to announce to him his liberty—She appears before Hemeya in bridal robes, and he perceives the horrid price at which he is purchasing life. Pescara breaks in upon the tenderness and distraction of this interview—He perfidiously orders Hemeya to be seized—In an instant, a door opens and discovers a wheel of torture prepared for the Moor. As the guards are attaching Hemeya to the engine, Pescara lifts his dagger to murder Florinda in his sight—By a desperate effort, the Moor releases himself, wrests the weapon from Pescara, and plunges it in his body.—A noise is heard, and the victorious Moors, headed by Malek, enter. Hemeya clasps Florinda in his arms, and happiness seems within their reach; it is, however, but a shadow, for Florinda, before marrying the Spaniard, has taken a slow poison, which begins to operate—Hemeya stabs himself, and Florinda expires on his body.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE season commenced on Saturday the 7th inst. at this elegant theatre, with a new Opera, entitled *The Election*. The Opera consists of very amusing dialogue; and songs, which sound better than they read. Harry Johnstone appeared in one of the principal characters, which he sustained with great ability. Mr. Chatterley shewed, in some of his comic touches, which came upon us without any apparent preparation, great brilliancy of conception, and reminded us of the spirit of Lewis. In those two gentlemen, the English Opera has two of its greatest recommendations. Miss Kelly too played with her usual power, which is too well known to render description necessary. The piece went off with much applause. The interior of the house has undergone several important alterations for the accommodation of the public.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE ENIGMAS IN OUR LAST.

THE law's grand expounders, and pride of the bar,
Lords *Eldon* and *Erskine*, most certainly are
The *two* first Enigmas your *June* list contains,
And the *next* is a *Duke*—without puzzling my brains,
His Grace 'tis of *Grafton*, who, not being single,
In wedlock's soft bondage can't now intermingle;
But if ladies have patience, they may, ere you've done,
Find coronets *ducal* to please ev'ry one.
Twenty-eight is *Lord Hardwick*, and *next*, very clear,
Is *Harrowby's* earl—an intelligent peer.
Your witty Enigmas we've now canvass'd thorough,
Excepting the *thirtieth*—and that is *Hillsborough*.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Poems, "EVENING HOURS," announced in the Number for May, are by our Correspondent Lorenzo.

The Third Volume of the ZOOLOGICAL MISCELLANY will be published in September, illustrated with fifty-nine coloured plates.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Morning & Evening Costume for July 1817.

Invented by Mrs. Bell, 52 St. James's Street

Pub. July 1, 1817, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Str.

THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JULY, 1817.

WALKING DRESS,

A MUSLIN-WORKED dress made of a moderate walking length; the skirt trimmed alternately with tucks and work, producing a rich effect, with short waist. The spenser is composed of sarsnet, trimmed in front, round the shoulders, and round the wrist, with plaited cord; round the top of the spenser, is a rich trimming of blond; above which is worn a worked-muslin frill. A sea-side walking bonnet, composed of satin and chip, ornamented round the crown with a trimming of sarsnet. Gloves, shoes, &c. to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.

A MOST beautiful toque, of rich violet-coloured satin, and white lace, ornamented with an elegant drooping plume, of white ostrich-feathers; the body and sleeves are likewise ornamented with the same material; the top of the body has a double row of violet-coloured satin, between which runs a trimming of rich blond; below this runs a festoon of Vandyked satin, finishing with a bow in front, and a trimming of blond round the waist; the sleeve made full, and a little more on the shoulders than usual, and ornamented with violet-coloured satin; the skirt is composed of net, trimmed round the bottom with satin to correspond with the body; and above which is a rich trimming of satin and blond, ornamented in front with a bow. White kid gloves and shoes. There is at once a richness, and at the same time a beautiful simplicity of effect, about this dress which has made it a great favourite with our fashionable belles.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

MORNING, OR GENERAL DRESS.

Gowns for the parade or dinner-party, are made of cambric, muslinet, or crape, trimmed at the border with rows of broad *bouillonés*, let in and divided by embroidery on the same material as the gown: the ornaments at the borders of gowns ascend as high as the knee, above which, when the dress is of fine muslin, are eight rows of embroidery, the bias way of the muslin: the top of the sleeves have puffings of muslin tastefully worked in embroidery. Some cambric gowns are trimmed with a kind of cork-screw ornament of clear muslin gracefully disposed. The bust and waist is profusely ornamented with lace; and a pelerine of beautiful Mechlin lace finishes the dress.

Ball dresses are made of Chinese crape, decorated with three rows of white satin, in bias, interspersed with one large fold of crape round the border.

Long-quartered shoes are worn with a *rosette*, and an ancle-ribband, with a small bow on the left side.

For the out-door Morning Dress, spensers, made of rose, lilac, or Egyptian brown-coloured twilled sarsnet, with high collars, are most worn.

There are two kinds of Bonnets much in vogue, and greatly preferred; the one is made square, and the other round; they are trimmed with broad ribband and narrow quillings of tulle; and ornamented with large tulips, or plumes of feathers, white or green, standing erect with the points upwards: they are tied under the chin with broad ribband; and sometimes brocaded with daisies down the middle, and a row of leaves at each edge; above which are placed festoons of roses and their buds. A rain-bow scarf for the shoulders is the best suited to this bonnet.

Leghorn hats are trimmed in the simplest manner, with a broad white ribband, and a bow one side, or a bunch of flowers the colour of the straw, a few musk roses, or water-lilies, not quite blown.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ON SENSIBILITY;

A FRAGMENT.

THE shallow brook with restless murmur flows,
And ever bubbling, prattles as it goes;
The deeper river rolls its tranquil tide
In silent dignity and stately pride;
So judgment still and virtue most abound
Where there is least of show, and least of sound.

Has nature form'd a mild benignant breast
Where sensibility may love to rest,
Not in affected cant and strange grimace,
But spotless purity and heav'n-born grace?
That breast it is, to malice never prone,
That values still, as dearer than its own,
Another's feelings, and would rather screen
The wrongs it felt, than let those wrongs be seen:
Too nobly proud to vulgarize its woe
By talkative lament, or public show,
And mutely patient rather than assuage
Its ruffled passions by abusive rage.
And yet 'tis well such pompous fools are met
As ape the form and figure, but forget,
Or know not how the substance to display;
For wiser men and better far than they,
Who rank their virtues in too mean a post,
Shall learn to profit by such empty boast,
Finding at last their own intrinsic worth,
And proper height and standard in the earth.

Thus when some whining babbler stuns my ears
With very prating of his sighs and tears,
His gen'rous pity, sympathizing care,
And virtues practis'd nobody knows where,
I duly rate the poor conceited elf,
And think thenceforward better of *myself*.

THE MUSE.

SMALL his reward for long and weary pain,
Save what himself can on himself bestow,
And little guerdon is the Poet's gain:
Few are the kindred breasts which seem to know
The holy raptures of the soul's full glow.
The freezing breath of cold and languid praise
Nips in their birth the fairest flowers that blow:
Vain task those plants to rear in wintry days,
Which scarce their buds unfold beneath Spring's warmest rays.

For gentle and retiring is the Muse,
Unfit the thorny path of life to tread;
Nurs'd in the wanton sun and heav'n's own dews,
How shall she lift her sad and drooping head
Where the dim fogs of earth's chill desart spread?
The silent plaudit of one willing smile,
Which from affection's anxious lip is shed,
The eye which chastens, yet approves the while,—
These seeks the timid Muse, and these her course beguile.

Such, dear inspirer of my early rhyme,
Such was the kindling praise I drew from thee:
Oft pass'd th' uncounted day in mingled chime
Of flowing undivided colloquy,
On all the lore of either poesy;
While thou wouldst bid the Muse, who idly stray'd,
And pour'd her matin warblings listlessly,
Her scatter'd blossoms in one chaplet braid,
And draw the violet forth from the dark poppy shade.

Then what sweet hope would rush upon my sight!
What joyous visions my rapt sense illume!
Of everlasting fame, and promise bright
Of those immortal flow'rs which love to bloom,
Breathing rich odour round the Poet's tomb!
Oh! may I from death's still and shadowy wing
Snatch half my being, and avoid the gloom
Which o'er forgotten names time hastes to fling!
Those not ignobly die, who not ignobly sing! ANON.

A MELANCHOLY HOUR.

WHY must this drooping heart complain,
This lyre reverb'rate still to woe,
Why Melancholy swell the strain,
And grief on grief successive flow?

Nay, rather why to laughing joy,
Did e'er these daring fingers roll,
Why did not grief each strain employ,
And sorrow captivate my soul?

But it is past! the hour of bliss
Is past, and with the ages gone,
And left me, only left me this—
To weep and languish here alone!

Where is the blissful ray that seem'd
So lovely to my early years?
'Twas but the meteor's flash that stream'd
To gild awhile this vale of tears!

Well then, my bosom shall resign
The radiant dream it must not share,
Yet shall no other soul than thine,
Congenial spirit! mingle there.

No! when I press my narrow bed,
And the cold shroud around me clings,
When softly o'er my slumbering head
Oblivion waves her ebon wings—

Exulting thought! the kindred soul,
Dismiss'd at last her earthly shell,
Shall spring beyond the world's controul,
And haply with its image dwell.

Till then, I own an idol where
I must not love—the thought were vain—
Oh! spread thy darkest pinions there,
And pour thy slumbers on my brain,

Forgetfulness!—oh! hide the hour
When first my unsuspecting breast
Obey'd love's fascinating power,
And beat responsive to its guest!

Yet spare those pure ecstatic days
That now have fled like wreaths of snow,
And left me wilder'd in the maze,
The thorny labyrinth of woe:

Yes, spare! for then I knew no tear
But such as rapture knows full well,
My throbbing bosom own'd no fear,
But hope could sooth, or hope dispel.

Yes, spare their memory!—they shall last
Till time to me shall be no more;
I'll treasure them for pleasures past,
And hail them on a happier shore.

As, by the rude wind snapt, the rose
Fades on the stem, forgets to bloom,
And dies, yet round the garden throws
For many a day the sweet perfume,

So shall the thought of days gone by
Steal with enchantment o'er my breast,
Its fragrance breathe with every sigh,
And give me joy, or give me rest.

LORENZO.

SONNET TO THE PLOVER.

BY J. M. LACEY.

I LOVE to hear thy note when day is o'er,
Though melody it boasts not, timid bird!
When Sol's bright glories dazzle us no more,
And none but sounds of pensiveness are heard.
Fancy may err, but yet in fancy's ear
Thy seldom-varied cry is plaintive found,
And oft I've paus'd its shrilly tone to hear,
And I have fancied sorrow fill'd the sound;
Yet might another deem thy note was giv'n
To joy, if joy but fill'd the wand'rer's mind;
Alas! from me each thought of joy is driv'n,
And anguish has destroy'd each bliss refin'd.—
Thus 'tis the mind that rules bright fancy's pow'r,
And gives to joy or grief the changeful hour.

STANZAS.

SWEET flow'r! whose meek and dewy tear
In trembling radiance glows,
Weep softly o'er my Julia's bier,
While mine responsive flows!

Thine be the pearly gem of eve,
Her closed eye-lids wore;
Mine be the tear her loss to grieve
These eyes shall see no more!

HATT.

THE SHIP-WRECK'D MARINER;

A FRAGMENT.

High on a rock, whose Alpine-brow looks wide
O'er ocean's blue immeasurable tide,
See the wreck'd mariner with downward gaze,
Wistful and shudd'ring, eye the trackless maze,
And thinks, as hollow sounds the sweeping wind,
Rocks, oceans, billows, as his fate, unkind;
At once of love and gentle hope bereft,
Deserted—to the waste of waters left!
Lord of the world—though not of power a jot—
All that he sees is his, and yet is not!
Sighing amid the melancholy swell
Of seas—to home, and babes, a long farewell,
He hangs his lorn head on his beaten crest,
The shatter'd ensign waving round his breast,
Heaves the last throb to faithful mem'ry dear,
That bears to all—a tributary tear!
Sinks from the eminence amid the gloom
Headlong—and plunges to the yawning tomb!

31 . *June*, 1817. HATT.

MARY, THE PRIDE OF THE PLAIN.

The tapers of night in the pride of their gleaming
At once were put out by the hand of the morn,
And the soft rosy smiles from the east that were beaming
Dispell'd the bright dew-drops that slept on the thorn;
The sun never shone in more gorgeous array,
Nor the bosom of Henry was lighter of pain,
For oh! 'twas the morning—the dawn of the day
Of his marriage with Mary, the pride of the plain.

How fleeting our hopes and how transient our joys!
How uncertain the tenure of happiness here!
Soon the canker of grief, the frail blossom destroys,
And the smile-gilded cheek is soon stain'd with a tear:
Not long thro' an Eden of pleasure they stray'd
Ere their goblet of bliss was embitter'd with pain;
For the rude arm of death scatter'd sorrow and shade,
And his victim was Mary, the pride of the plain.

Her grave, bound with osier, the dark yew beneath,
Not a moment the woe-stricken lover forsakes;
While bath'd with his tears, in his hand is a wreath,
Which he says is for Mary, whene'er she awakes.
Every heart in the village laments for his doom,
Every bosom is wrung with affliction and pain;
For ne'er was a maiden consign'd to the tomb
Like Mary, sweet Mary, the pride of the plain.

C. FEIST.

POETIC FLIGHTS.

O! THERE's a charm in poesy
To cheer the pensive breast,
To chase the gloom of care away,
And sooth the soul to rest.

On Fancy's pinion when we soar
To scenes of brighter joy,
Not sickness, grief, or poverty,
Th' illusion can destroy.

When friends prove false, *th' indignant line*
Relieves the tortur'd mind;
And sweetest is the poet's strain
When lovers seem unkind.

If fortune frowns, we heed it not,
But rail at pomp and pride
In *epigram*, or *satire keen*,
And upstart power deride.

Should death, stern death, in fatal hour
Our fairest hopes defeat,
We find in soft *elegiac strain*
A solace sad, yet sweet.

Thus through the varying scenes of life,
Assail'd by pain or grief,
The *real ill* is borne with ease,
If *fiction* yields relief.

E. T.

ENIGMA.

WITHIN a dark and dismal cell,
Ne'er trod by human foot;
Your humble servant's known to dwell,
To flourish and take root.

With mangled flesh my drear abode
Is every day supplied,
And carious bones, a hideous pile,
Are rang'd on either side.

Yet start not, fair ones! with affright,
For I can truly say,
In human blood I ne'er delight,
Nor seek a living prey.

For though confin'd in durance vile,
Your favourite still I prove;
Yet artless maids I oft beguile,
Whose hearts are form'd for love.

Still in your service, ladies fair,
With *restless* zeal I strive
From morn till night, a willing slave,
To keep your mirth alive.

Strange powers and properties I boast,
Though I submissive bend,
And when proud man controuls me most,
I prove his truest friend.

E. T.

Solution to our last Enigma—"A CLOCK."

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our succeeding Number will be commenced an Original Poem, entitled "Abdallah, or The Fatal Gift," for which we are indebted to a very esteemed Correspondent.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of several favours, which shall appear in our next; in particular, a Review of Lord Byron's New Tragedy of Manfred, which we much regret our limits prevented us from inserting in this Number.—Mrs. T. is requested to proceed.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

Miss Lydia Ellen Merry

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